

MCKINLEY MAY HAVE TO FACE A BOLT.

Five Silver States Ready to Desert the Standard of a Gold Candidate.

Free Coinage Men Will Probably Name Senator Teller to Lead Them.

Claim Enough Strength to Throw the Presidential Election into the House.

SPEAKER REED'S GREAT CHANCE.

May Be Able to Exert His Power to Defeat the Ohioan—Opportunity for a Democrat Pledged to Silver.

Washington, May 11.—There will, so say the portents, be a bolt at the St. Louis Convention. It will be a free-silver, 16 to 1, bolt. In its St. Louis stage, the preliminary, the bolt will include the Republicans of five States—Idaho, Colorado, Montana, Nevada and Utah.

There are to be two Republican candidates in the field—the one regularly selected at St. Louis and the man named by the silver bolters. This latter will in all chance be Teller; it may be Cameron of Pennsylvania. Jones, Senator of Nevada, not now of the Republicans, but who will act—he and Stewart—with the silver bolters, heart and soul and purse, says that the silver Republicans—the bolters—can, and will, carry for their nominee the electoral tickets of Kansas, Nebraska, the two Dakotas, Colorado, Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Utah, Washington, Oregon, Nevada and California. He says that the regular nominee of the Republicans will not, come what may, carry a State west of the Missouri River.

Now, if Jones of Nevada, were all alone in this utterance, men might say, and be justified therein, that it was, but the prophecy of one man, and that man a forsworn bolter of a year or more before. But the situation spreads beyond the mere say-so of Jones of Nevada. Indeed, that worthy Senator is by no means red-faced and

heated in the matter, and takes only a working interest in the affair. Those who tell you these things with the most of vim and lucid clearness are Teller, Mantle, Tom Carter, Dubois and Cannon, all of the Senate. They are the very ones, by the way, who are personally as delegates at St. Louis to attend to the bolting prophecies and make it a success in person.

A NET FOR MCKINLEY. While McKinley is fostering a campaign of protection, talking tariff and skulking finance, there is trouble spreading itself for his feet like a net. His nomination at St. Louis will not mean his election. It will be merely the first hurdle in a White House steep-chase, which will present such a list of timber and water jumps as well may break his neck at last.

The silver Republicans, speaking of McKinley, decline to put silver confidence in him and declare that his door plate shall never be fastened to the White House portal. They go further, and say that no tariff bill nor tariff modification shall ever pass the Senate until their silver demands, that is, free coinage 16 to 1, are complied with. This is the programme, partially worked out indeed; the balance to be carried through at the St. Louis Convention and at the November polls. I am precluded from quoting any one, but what facts are alleged are absolutely true. Moreover the veriest poking about and most casual questioning among the Senators, whether Democratic or Republican, gold or silver, will verify what is here set forth.

As a first statement it should be said that the plan of the silver Republicans has for its object the throwing of the next Presidential election into the House of Representatives. They would so split success as to prevent a majority for anybody in the Electoral College. When the question of who shall be the next President falls thereby into the lap of the House for answer the silver Republican folk will hold the balance of power and can force concession and concession as they may demand. In such a House selection of a President—something which has not occurred since a day in the far away '29, when John Quincy Adams, with the traitorous aid of Henry Clay, beat Andrew Jackson—each State has one vote; the vote by the way of a majority of her delegation in the House, and Nevada, with 45,000 population, is as big as New York with her 8,000,000.

MAY DEAL WITH DEMOCRATS. The candidates from whom the House may choose a President, each State casting one vote through its delegation, are confined to the three names which received the highest votes in the Electoral College. The silver Republicans looking over the present House—it is the one which would select the President—declare that they have of a verity twelve States in their clutch—the ones named above as west of the Missouri,



Camp of the Gypsies, Was Broken Up by a Hoodoo.

Everything might have gone well at the Fort George encampment had it not been for the blighting influence of the hoodoo. The Queen knew trouble was coming when she heard a hen crow. Then a black cat strolled through the camp at night. The elopement of Della Stanton and Sunny Palmer might, indeed, have been expected. The climax came when three cross-eyed women visited them on Sunday. That night they were ordered to move.

leaving California out. These, added to what silver and Democracy could and would control, mainly south of the Mason and Dixon line, would, they figure, give them as good as twenty-seven States, or four more than enough to open to them their silver way.

These silver Republicans, be it noticed as one talks with them, do not expect to name their candidate as final President. They look, rather, to a deal with the Democrats and to elect the Democratic candidate, pledged and handclapped for silver, by the silver votes of the House. It is not expected that, having bolted at St. Louis and, having conducted a separate campaign for their own candidate, that any safe compact could be arrived at with that wing of the Republican party and its candidate, from both of whom they had so lately been in bitter revolt.

It is a merry situation, especially for one who is a mere looker-on in the Vienna of President-making, and it all promises a vast deal of politics. Here is the time, and of the silver rebels of Republicanism, which shows where they are going, as well as how far they have come.

The back of their plans was first seen cutting the serene waters of the Senate when the Dingley Tariff bill came over from the House. The silver Republican Senators held a caucus to decide a course. Teller, Mantle, Cannon, Tom Carter and Dubois were for combining with the Democrats and defeating the bill, until it carried a free silver clause. Wolcott, Shoup, Squires and others of the clan, not so silver as the quietest first named, opposed the rule-or-ruin policy proclaimed by their more war-like colleagues. The caucus ended with no plan settled.

Not many days thereafter a preliminary vote on the Dingley Tariff bill was unexpectedly precipitated in the Senate. Instantly Carter, Mantle, Teller and Dubois voted with the Democrats—Dingley and Protection and Republicanism got a jolt which dazed them and laid them out. They revived a bit later for another round, and, as Cannon, of Utah, had come to his seat by that time, Dingley, Protection and Republicanism received another knock-out.

From that point lines of stern battle were drawn and war was on. Among the rebels Dubois and Teller pledged themselves to one course—the course of the Modocs in the lava beds, that of fight hard, die hard, and never surrender, while Shoup and Wolcott, their colleagues, took the more moderate path—that of tariff submission to the East, while gaining nothing for silver. With this separation of Senators in Colorado and Idaho, the question at once became: Who will the folks at home support, whose course will they endorse? This was to be answered, and the test was to be made at the primaries and conventions which would send delegates to St. Louis. Gold Republicans told Teller and Dubois that they would be repudiated, and Shoup and Wolcott sustained. Teller, Dubois and the other silver rebels declined to be alarmed, however, and the results now coming in justify their calmness.

There is little to "protect" with tariff in the silver Northwest. Dubois, Teller, Carter, Mantle and Cannon knew this. Eastern gold Republicans were dark on the point. As a come-up the people of

those far regions care nothing for McKinley, while caring much for silver as almost their sole support. The result now being wired in is that everywhere in their States the Modoc methods of Teller, Dubois, Cannon, Carter and Mantle, in voting down Dingley-McKinleyism to promote silver are being rapturously applauded.

A GOLD PLATFORM WANTED. Their States are endorsing these Senators with their full names, and repudiating Wolcott, Shoup and those who chose to be subservient to the Eastern influence. The above is not speculation, but fact—already occurred—and every one of the five Senators named as in party rebellion for silver's shining sake, are to be delegates in the coming St. Louis Convention. Four—Teller, Dubois, Cannon and Carter—will be on the Committee on Resolutions, and aid in framing the platform, and incidentally in forging the bolt they are already resolved on and planning to.

It is a strange assertion, and somewhat the cent of paradox, when I say that these ultra-silver Republicans, packing their baggage to bolt, are, on the subject of platform making at St. Louis, in hearty accord with the gold men of the East. Dubois, Teller, Cannon, Carter, Mantle—and, for that matter, Stewart and Jones of Nevada—want the St. Louis Convention to declare absolutely for gold. It will mean "gold" whatever its phrasing, this St. Louis platform; and they desire that "gold" be stated strongly and clearly, so as to leave no door open to the entrance of argument on that point. These silver chiefs intend to rebel, and they want as strong a

GYPSIES UNDER A HOODOO SPELL.

Three Cross-eyed Women Visited the Camp and It Had to Be Broken Up.

That Was the Last of a Batch of Bad Luck That Drove Them from Fort George.

HOW THE WHOLE THING STARTED.

First the Queen Heard a Hen Crow and Then a Black Cat Strolled Past the Tents in the Night.

The gypsies that have been encamped for several days at Fort George have departed. There was no good luck there, and folks used to reading the stars and to whom the future is as plain as noonday are very quick to detect the presence of a "hoodoo." Indeed, it is said that the band was "hoodooed" from the time Sunny



Palmer joined it.

Sunny's elopement with pretty thirteen-year-old Della Stanton is an old story now, and the taut members of the band have philosophically ceased to refer to it. But with the Queen it is slightly different. So far, indeed, as she is concerned, Sunny and Della might go without protest to the North Pole—a desirable place in such weather as this—but when a horse enters into the affair it is another matter. For Sunny not only stole Della, but he performed the same office for one of the Queen's best horses that was attached to her only buggy.

She had always been suspicious of him, and when he came from England and joined the camp a month ago, a colt fell and broke his leg; then one of the children became seriously ill. Still Sunny was a seventh son of a seventh son, a reader of stars in his own right and a person not to be rashly impugned. He was a handsome, muscular fellow, and one day, after he had worsted two tramps in a hard fight, he said, laughingly: "Mars is my familiar influence!"

"No, my son," said the Queen, "you mistake you mean Venus," and she looked significantly at little Della, who stood near by.

Even as she spoke a hen that had been peeping through a fence raised its head and crowed. In the country a crowing hen is one of the most fateful of all hoodoos. So it was the Queen knew that the road before her was full of bad luck.

All went well until Thursday night. Then it was that a big black cat strolled through the camp. It disappeared as mysteriously as it came, and the next day the baby died. And on the day of the funeral came the elopement of Sunny and Della and the loss of the Queen's rig.

But the worst was to come. On Sunday the camp had thousands of visitors, the majority of them women. Too many women are sure to bring ill luck, especially if one of the number be cross-eyed. And among Sunday's visitors were three women so afflicted. One of them was red-headed and had a hare-lip. That very day Proprietor Schultze, who concluded that the gypsies were "hoodooing" his Casino business, made complaint to the police of the West One Hundred and Fifty-second Street Station. That night the Queen was notified that the camp would have to move. Early yesterday morning camp was broken, and the band swung out into Kingsbridge road, bound for Tarrytown.

CHINAMEN CHARM STRONG

Mayor Fascinated by a Puzzle of Disappearing Orientals, and Business is Neglected.

Somebody sent Mayor Strong a "Get Off the Earth Puzzle" yesterday. It is composed of thirteen little Chinamen in belligerent attitudes, making strenuous exertions to retain their position on the surface of a minute earth. By moving a circular disc in the centre one of the Chinamen suddenly disappears. The problem is to find out which one has gone.

The Mayor spent an hour over the puzzle during the afternoon, but couldn't find where the Chinamen went. He stared until his eyes popped out at the thirteen warlike little figures.

His new office boy stood by the executive chair, deeply concerned, and frequently volunteered suggestions. His Honor's tea cooled and became bitter in the pot, but nothing diverted his rapt attention from the puzzle. Even the plug of tobacco in his hip pocket had no distracting charms. Persons anxious to discuss problems of state and matters municipal got no word from the Mayor and went away disappointed.

At last he had to give it up in disgust. The Mayor said that he did not know who sent him the puzzle; neither did he think the sender had an evil motive.

STEEPLE CLIMBER'S FEAT.

Daring Man Clinging to the St. Paul Weather Vane Draws a Crowd and Causes a Car Blockade.

A mere speck of humanity, clinging gingerly to the weather vane on St. Paul's Church, yesterday noon, attracted a crowd in Broadway, causing a blockade of cable cars and trucks, which extended nearly to Bowling Green.

The man was fixing the roping around the top of the spire, preparatory to gliding the weather vane and painting the church steeple.

Every move of the steeple climber seemed to send a thrill through the watching multitude. No one seemed to be able to understand how he managed to reach his unenviable position.

The brownie for the man on the steeple looked no bigger than one of Palmer Cox's ill-fated celebrities—managed to place the ladders to the steeple and to lash them to the spire until he reached the top.

There he stood for some time, between earth and sky, apparently unconcerned, on the slim footing he had secured on that dizzy height.

HIT BY FALLING HAMMER.

John Bartels Probably Fatally Injured and Others Bruised in the New Building at Broadway and Ann Streets.

Three men were injured, one of them probably fatally, by an ironworker's hammer, which fell down the elevator shaft in the uncompleted Havemeyer building, at Broadway and Ann street, yesterday.

The tool was at least three feet long, and its iron head must have weighed twenty pounds. On the first floor of its downward flight it struck ironworker John Slattery, breaking his left wrist. Two stories further down it struck ironworker John Bartels on the head, fracturing his skull. Then it bounded off, fell three stories and badly bruised the arm of a bricklayer on the first floor. It landed in the cellar, not far from where three men were at work.

Slattery's wound was dressed at the Hudson Street Hospital, and Bartels was put to bed there, where he is expected to die.

REPREHENSIBLE CATS.

One Commits Suicide and the Other Attempts Deliberate Murder.

The unfathomable eccentricities, not to say perversities, of cats were illustrated in two conspicuous instances yesterday. At 10 a. m. a fire broke out in the skylight room in Rudolph Wilhelm's photographic studio, at No. 624 Madison avenue. It did \$10,000 worth of damages to photographic materials, besides destroying the life of a cat, a big maltese named "Ingomar." The singular thing is that while the cat, which was on a window ledge, might have escaped, it deliberately committed suicide by jumping into the flames.

The other cat figured not as a suicide, but as a would-be assassin. It belonged to Engineer Daniel Lane, of No. 82 Fulton street, and was known as "Bill." When its master opened the door yesterday morning, it sprang at his throat with gleaming eyes and frothing mouth.

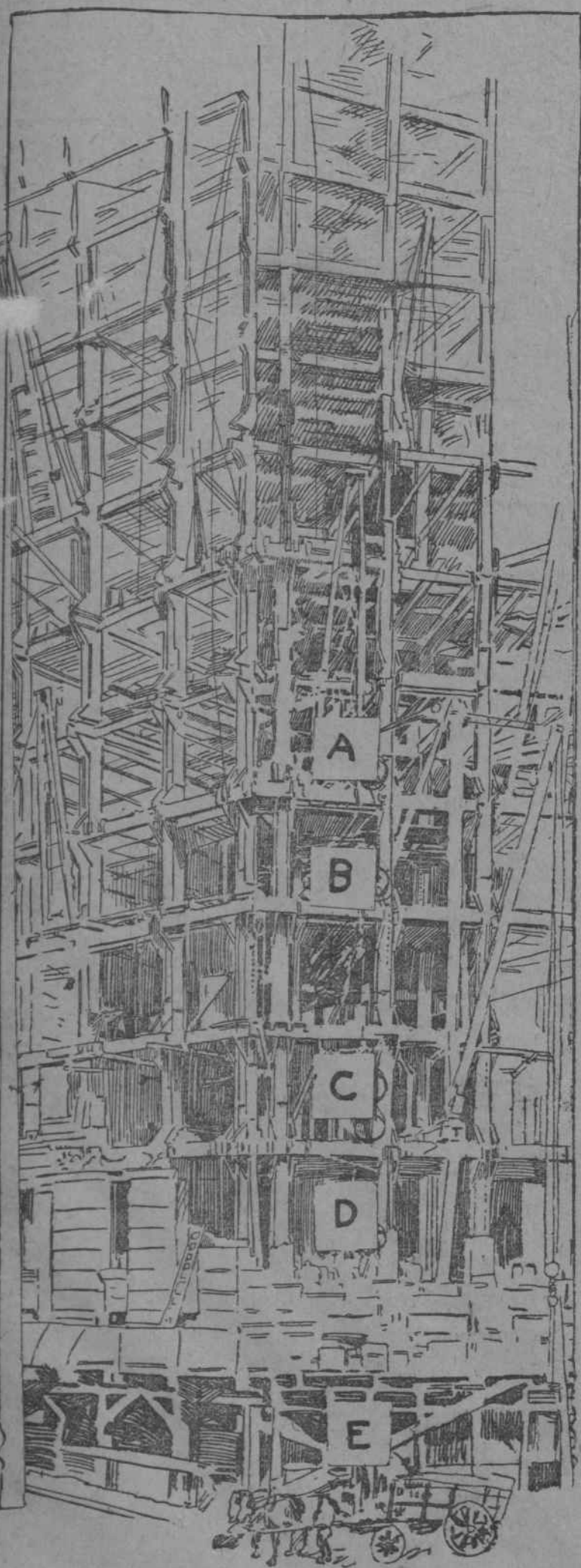
The engineer is a strong man and no coward, but he jumped out of the way of the mad cat and closed the door upon it. Then he called Policeman Louis Well, of the Old Slip Station, and asked the officer to shoot "Bill." The two men entered the building through the rear door and found the cat crouching in a corner of the cellar. Well walked up close to the cat and fired directly at its head. The bullet entered, but the cat was by no means dead. It attacked the policeman's legs. He remained cool and fired two more shots into its head, finally killing it.

Lady Isabelle Giffen Dead.

London, May 11.—Lady Isabelle Giffen, wife of Sir Robert Giffen, the statistician, who is Comptroller-General of the Commercial, Labor and Statistical Department of the Board of Trade, died at Brighton today. Lady Giffen was the daughter of D. McEwen, and had many friends in the United States.



Climbing St. Paul's High Steeple.



Falling Hammer Injures Three Men.

While on the sixth floor of the new Havemeyer building at Broadway and Ann street, a workman standing at the point marked A in the cut dropped a heavy hammer. It fell down the elevator shaft, and at the fifth floor struck ironworker Slattery, at B, and broke his wrist. At the third floor it crashed against the head of another ironworker, at C. Glancing from his head, it broke the wrist of a bricklayer who was on the second floor, at D. It struck the earth at E, landing close to several workmen.